A SHORT HISTORY

OF

DULWICH VILLAGE,

BY

THOMAS MORRIS.

1909.

R. MORGAN, Printer, 65, Westow Street, Upper Norwood.

A PREFACE.

It is with no undue confidence that I have attempted to write the history of our dear little district of Old Dulwich. The knowledge I have at my disposal, through my Parents and Grand parents, who were established in the village from the year 1785, is, I think, sufficient to enable me to write a short history of the charming little village of Dulwich. The history of Dulwich and the surroundings, as it should be written, would tax the powers of one of far greater experience than myself, but I hope to do my best to give a correct history of the dear old village, which is situated in the parish of Camberwell, Surrey.

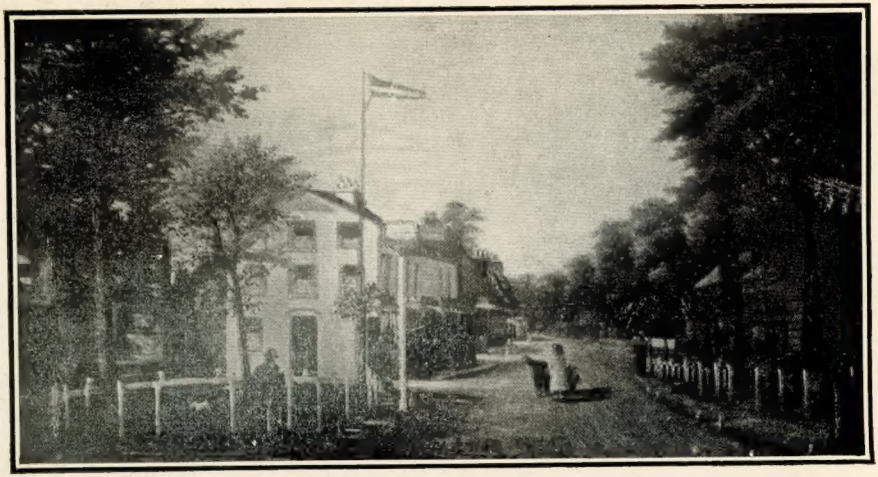
In this brief history I hope you will pardon me if I have made any mistake in dates. This little history is in the time of my Parents and Grandparents, from the year 1785.

With great love and respect for the old birth-place of my dear relatives that has passed away.

I remain, yours truly,

THOMAS MORRIS.

14, The Old College,
Dulwich,
October 22nd, 1909.



Old Dulwich Village, by T. Morris, 1875.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE

OLD GREYHOUND HOTEL.

The little information concerning the Old Greyhound Hotel, that stood in the centre of the Old Village, was established about the year 1750. The family of Middlecot held it for over one hundred years. It was first rented by Mrs. Middlecot, the mother of Mr. William Middlecot. She had four sons and two daughters; after her death her son, William, was the landlord of the Hotel. Barclay and Perkins were the brewers for over one hundred years. Mr. William Middlecot kept it until he was past middle life, when he left to take a rest. A few months after he was taken ill, and did not live long to enjoy his long-earned labour. After he left the dear Old Greyhound, it gradually sunk into decadence, and, being only five miles from London on the Surrey side of London Bridge, it was always noted for a quiet and rural spot, and for its foliage and old oak trees.

Returning to the Old Greyhound, it was often the meeting place for Charles Dickens, Browning, and a number of other eminent men, who used

to spend the day at the old Inn, and ramble in the five and fourteen fields (noted by the London folk) to enjoy a romp in the newly-mown hay in the summer, the brightest time of the year. Bean-feasts and the Old Club Feast were held at the old Inn, and dancing on the green in the evening was one of their favourite past-times. On one Saturday evening in the year the Committee of the Old Fire Brigade used to meet at the old Greyhound, and then the engine was taken to the "Butchers' Pond" to be filled. The pond was situated at the corner of Burbage Road, and a house now stands on the spot; the attendant's name was Charles Mabbs. It was a gala evening for the Village Boys, to turn out and assist in the pumping of the engine, and also for the gentlemen of the Committee to watch from the windows of the old Inn the engine at work. It was a very small one, not being much larger than a fair-sized barrow. About the year 1847 it was called out to a fire at Mr. T. Lassam's, a baker—at present the residence of Mr. Dean. It was on the night of the fifth of November, after the boys had had a bonfire and fireworks, a very busy night for the village folk. The College bells and Fire Bell (on the top of Bellhouse, that stands in College Road) were rung with all their might,

to call the sleepers up to assist in the pumping of the Fire Engine.

The old Greyhound Hotel was an old coaching house. The old Sydenham Coach ran from the Greyhound Inn, at Lower Sydenham, and the coachman's name was Benjamin Doo. The old Gipsy Coach started from the Rose and Crown Inn, in Crown Lane, Crown Hill, Norwood. The Sevenoaks Coach started from the coaching house in Piccadilly to Sevenoaks every morning in summer, and passed through Dulwich Village, stopping at the Greyhound to take up passengers.

The old Brixton Brass Band used to accompany the members of the Half Moon Workmen's Club, on the first Thursday in July every year, to the old Greyhound, and then return to have their Club Dinner. In the evening there was dancing on the green. In the year 1853 I played the tenor or side-drum in the Brixton Band at concerts for charity, and at other meetings.

Dear old Queen Victoria was very fond of passing through our bright little village, when the chestnut trees were in full bloom over Herne Hill and Denmark Hill. She had to pass by the residence of Mr. Ruskin (where I went to visit him, for the purpose of getting a few hints on painting, and he kindly assisted me to buy my

brushes and colours) down Redpost Hill through the village and up College-road to the Crystal Palace. After the Queen left attending at the Palace, it began to fall off with the public attendance.

LOCAL CELEBRITIES.

The Rev. Dr. Butt kept a large boarding school for young gentlemen, in Court Lane, at the house now named The Eastlands, in the year 1824, and he was chaplain to the Treadmill Prison on Brixton Hill for many years. In the year 1827 Dr. Whatson lived at the Ivy House, where the corner of East Dulwich Grove is now situated. Mr. John Corrage, the well-known brewer, once lived at the house named The Hall, next to East Dulwich Grove, opposite to Half Moon Lane: a most kind and charitable man. David Cox, the well-known water-colour artist, selected Croxted Lane and Dulwich Common as his favourite places for sketching. He lived in Dulwich for a few years, the site of his home was, no doubt, at the back of the Blew House, a fine old rustic cottage, very little known by the present folks of Dulwich, and now gone to decay. Mr. William

Young, that lived at Rycottes, one of the old residences of Dulwich Common, a former chairman of the Governors of Dulwich College, was a good and kind man to the poor of Dulwich. He was very much missed after his death. Mr. John and Mr. Alexander Druce, and their father, were well-known names in Dulwich, their father being the lawyer to Dulwich College. Their deaths were a great loss to Dulwich.

Miss Mary Rankin, who lived with her uncle and aunt, at the house named Belair, was the daughter of an Indian merchant. She was called the "Queen of Dulwich," and whatever she did the other ladies would follow. She was very kind to the poor of the village, and also to the children of the Free Schools, and to those that paid into the Provident and Blanket and Coal Clubs: she would give good interest for the money paid in. Her aunt died, and was interred in the old Burial Ground in the village, a large tomb is there erected to her memory. Miss Rankin left Dulwich soon after her aunt's death, and lived for some years, but was greatly missed, especially by the poor.

Dr. Webster, a very old inhabitant of Dulwich, was a young Scottish gentleman who came to Dulwich to serve his time to a medical man, a doctor that lived at the house named Oakfield, at

the corner of Dulwich Common. Having served his time and finished his studies at the hospital, he married the daughter of the doctor, which brought him a nice little fortune. He then took a villa, where the Park gates now are, opposite the Old College, and moved to the next house when he had worked up a large practice, and greatly enlarged it. Some years after Mrs. Webster died. She had been a great sufferer from paralysis, and could not walk alone. After his wife's death Dr. Webster gave up his practice and took up parochial work for the parish of Camberwell, and did his duty well. He was worthily named the Father of the Parish. About the year 1876 there was raised a public subscription to build a monument in his memory. A large and influential meeting was held at the Old Greyhound, and it was proposed to erect a drinking fountain in front of the Old College, by the old milestone. After arriving home from this meeting Dr. Webster died suddenly, in the hall of his own house. That fountain now stands as a monument to a good and charitable man.

Dr. Ray, the father of the present Dr. Edward Reynolds Ray, came to Dulwich with his father about the year 1837, and took up his abode at the old White Cottage that stood between the Bank

and Wood Lawn, a y old rustic place with a large garden. He w very kind and attentive to the poor and so won for himself a good practice. After a few y rs he took the large house, where a doctor now r des. He married one of three sisters, a Miss Mann, who lived in the adjoining house. So years after his marriage he was taken ill and ssed away—a great loss to the poor and mu missed by the wealthy. There was a public uneral, and the cortege reached from the hous o the end of the Common, nearly to the Alleyn's lead Hotel, and was fol- lowed by the gipsie who were encamped in Croxted Lane. He a ided to the Gipsy women at the birth of their ildren, and for sickness generally. He was l d by all his neighbours and wealthy friends.

Before the police ca into force there were two night watchmen in D vich, both of whom were commonly called "Ol harlies." Their beat was from the top of Redp Hill to the Old College, one box was at the ttom of the hill where Sunray Avenue is, a another at the corner of Half Moon Lan and the third was in the village. They us to call out the hour and the state of the weath When my Grandfather was in the College Alu House, in the year 1823,

Mr. Wood and Mr. J. Hater were the names of the two men, and when they were old they were elected in the Alms Houses of Dulwich College. At that time the inmates received three pounds each week, three pints of dinner ale, and a small loaf every day. The old men used to wear a coat with a small cape on the shoulders, given to them to go to church in. The old ladies had a black alpaca gown to go to church in (and they had to go).

The benevolent Gentleman that left the twenty pounds a year, for twenty Dulwich poor widows, for bread and potatoes in the winter months, lived at the house now called The Woodlands, on Dulwich Common. He was gentle and kind-hearted to his servants, and all the poor in the village. He was very much missed by all the neighbours.

The Rev. Alfred J. Carver was appointed first Head Master of the Upper School at Dulwich College after the Foundation Boys was done away with by the Act of Parliament in 1857.

The first school was held at the Old College, starting with a very few boys, and being very successful the Governors had to build the present new College. At the present time there are about

six or seven hundred attending. The Rev. A. J. Carver was a most painstaking master, and much beloved by all who knew him. He fell asleep on September 26th, 1909.

LINES ON THE REV. CANON CARVER.

For he was good and kind,
To all the boys and masters;
And they were taught to be refined,
For to obey and love their masters.

Many of the old boys they did pass,
His strict and severe examination;
And then they left the school at last,
For to enjoy their recreation.

After twenty-six years of an ardent life.
He left to enjoy a well-earnt pension,
Full of joy, and free from strife,
And to all his dear friends he paid attention.

And now he has gone to rest,
Free from all classical troubles;
For he was kind, and did his best
To burst all the scholastic bubbles.

T. MORRIS.

LOCAL RESIDENCES.

It is not for me to comment on the doings of the Governors of Dulwich College, or to discuss the question whether it was right to demolish the fine old buildings, to make room for new, but some fine old buildings have passed away, notably the old Manor House, of which my mother rented the sheds in the farmyard for her cows, from the last tenant. I have had many pleasant walks round the fine old grounds and the long walk with its flowering shrubs and wild flowers which is no more.

About the year 1785 where the house that Miss Druce lives in, at the corner of Dulwich Common, was a small farm house kept by an old lady, who sold sweets and cakes. Some of the old buildings stood in the stable yard of Grove House. The children went to the Old Mill that stood on the common to see it work. It was kept by a man named Kemp, who lived at one of the cottages opposite the New College, which was part of Dulwich Common before it was enclosed, opposite the old mill pond, now closed in.

Surrey Lodge, in Half Moon Lane, is one of the most ancient houses in Dulwich, being a fine

old building. One might easily lose oneself in it with its secret doors and rooms. There were two thatched roof lodges and some old farm buildings belonging to it. The house was approached by a long drive, and in the olden time it was considered to be a history in itself. The lady of title that once lived there was married to a Royal personage. That was the last morganatic marriage before the Act was passed, making it necessary to obtain the sanction of the King or Queen of England to be married to be able to enjoy the rank of Royalty.

The Old Dulwich Fair was held on a small green close to the old Burial Ground, and up to the Old Village there was only one refreshment booth, two or three shows, and a few stalls, and it is stated that it was done away with at the end of the "twenties." Up to the end of 1835 there was one stall, and that was a cake stall, which stood by the old Crown Inn. The inn had a small boarded front, with trees outside, and with seats for the customers to sit on to enjoy the fresh air. It was kept by a man named Thomas Goodman.

Every year, on the 5th of November, the Old College Foundation Boys had a good display of fireworks, and a bonfire, behind the Old College,

now College Gardens. It was a treat for the old village folk. When the visitors came to the College the Foundation Boys were a public mark of respect to dear old Alleyn, the founder, with their long coats, buckskin breeches, grey stockings, and low shoes.

On the 9th of November, being old Clem's day, the old smithey in Lloyd's yard, Dulwich Village, used to take the three anvils off the blocks and place them outside the shop, turn them npside down, and charge them with gunpowder, and give them three times three with a good salute, in honour of old Clem, one of the first shoeing smiths in England; this, with the children's fireworks, made it a gala night for the village folk.

One Sunday in the year there was a charity sermon, for the Green Coat Schools at Camberwell, at the Old College. Twelve boys and twelve girls were sent down to sing, and it was a treat for the villagers to hear them. Their favourite hymn was the Old Hundredth, which the sung with good taste and delight.

When any of the Old College Pensioners passed away they were taken into the Chapel and the funeral service then read over their remains, which were afterwards conveyed to the old burial ground, followed by the Verger, the Twelve

Foundation Boys, and one or two Fellows who were dressed in their white robes, all of them singing hymns on their way to the graveside. After the entombment the *cortége* returned in order.

In the good old days of Cricket, the old Dulwich Cricket Club was seldom beaten by such men as John Dennett, Dick Dudman, James East, and Bob Redman the demon under-hand bowler, a man of over six feet in height. It was a pleasure to witness them on their match day—which was also gala day—at the old Greyhound. After the stumps were drawn, a supper was given in the evening, and after the cloth was cleared the new ball was rolled up the table to the winners, the remainder of the evening being spent in a social manner, together with dancing on the green.

P.S.—The London folk in olden times used to visit the Old Greyhound and Old Gipsy House at Norwood in go-carts and in the old Hackney Coaches, let out on hire and drawn by two worn-out horses. The go-cart was a vehicle with a long body and with a seat on either side to carry six or eight passengers, with a stave at each corner to support the canvas which covered the top

as a shelter from the rai ınd sun. The driver
wore a white smock froc ınd white hat. The
charge from London to N 'ood was one shilling.
The Hackney Coach was old one with a round
body, and thick leather s ngs, which gave the
passengers a good jolting ver the stones. The
coachman wore an old (b coat with several
capes attached, and was id so much for each
journey. They applied fo 'assengers outside the
old Elephant and Castle, ıere the present one
now stands. It was a sm: old rustic house close
to the two turnpike gate which separated the
borough from the Kenn gton and Walworth
Roads.

THE OLD POST OFFICE.

The Old Village Post Office was kept by a prim old lady named Beambsley, who wore a mob cap and bib. It was a small grocer's shop with two small bay windows having very small panes of glass, and had a neat little garden in front. Mr. Price's shop now stands on this spot. There were at that time two deliveries a day only, and the letters were brought from London by a post boy, in a leather bag, which was firmly fixed behind to the saddle. There was also an old postman named Poucher, who was very lame, and who wore a swallow-tail coat, and high hat covered with leather to protect it from rain. He was quite a spectacle for the village folk to behold. About the year 1846 the letters were brought by a mail cart; then the deliveries were more frequent. There was, too, another postman named Burgess, who assisted in these deliveries.

THE DULWICH HERMIT.

Mr. Samuel Matthews, the Dulwich Hermit, lived in a cave, which was situated on the top of Cox's Walk, a short distance into the wood, where Crescent Wood Road, Sydenham Hill, is now situate. He was a jobbing gardener, and worked

for some of the gentry in Dulwich and Norwood. His cave was an old gravel pit, covered with underwood and brambles. He used to sell ginger beer, cakes, and other refreshments to the London folk that came to visit him. He was a very quiet and peaceful old man. He was found murdered in December, 1802. His body was then taken down Cox's Walk, by Dr. Glennie's School (where Lord Byron had his schooling, in the grounds where the Grove Hotel now stands), and over the College fields to the Inn called the French Horn, for the inquest. The Inn stood opposite to the Old College.

THE FREE SCHOOL.

When the license of the French Horn was given up it was shortly afterwards turned into a Village Free School for boys and girls and infants. It was situated where the Villa now stands next to the stationers. My sister, Ann Morris, was assistant teacher at the infants' school in the year 1842. The name of the head governess was Miss Hide.

The Rev. John Vane, one of the Fellows of Dulwich College, was one of the last school masters to the Foundation Boys, and often visited the schools. He was the Clerk of the Closet to Queen Victoria, and Vicar of St. George's, Southampton-street, Camberwell, Surrey.

OLD DULWICH.

Dear Old Dulwich is melting away,
The green meadows are fading fast,
And our dear old neighbours are departed to stay;
I wonder what it will be at the last.

The old five fields are gone from our gaze,
And the footpaths and stiles are no more,
And with the green pastures and flowers so gay,
There will not be any more old Dulwich in store.

The dear old "Greyhound" has passed away,
With its cheerful dinners and the club feasts,
And dancing on the green in the evening to stay,
With all the village folk dressed in their best.

The charming old village and the old folk,
And the meadows with the old buildings are gone;
No more gifts from the wealthy old folks;
I hope they will receive God's blessing three-fold.

Thank God our dear Old College stands fast,
With all its good gifts to the old and the poor;
Let us be grateful for all blessings that are past,
Hoping there will be plenty in store.

Come, let us be thankful and cheerful,
For all the changes of our life;
It is best to be contented and grateful,
Then we shall all be free from strife.

November 23rd, 1909. T. MORRIS.

THOMAS MORRIS.

POND HOUSE.

Pond House, North Dulwich, derives its name from the pond which was situated in front of the house. In the olden time it was for the use of the wayside cattle, which went in at one end and came out at the other. It was most useful for the poor horses in the summer to have a drink, or to cool their legs. About the year 1823 there was a butcher drowned in the pond, who worked for a Mr. Spearing in the village. How he came to be there remained a mystery, and at the inquest a verdict of "Found Drowned" was brought in. Shortly after this the wall of the front garden was brought forward, and the pond was enclosed in the front garden of the house, and was made an ornamental one for fish and water lilies.

Some years after there were four other roadside ponds done away with, one of which the Long Pond, which reached from two fine old houses, where shops now stands, down to the entrance gate to Lake House, which was then named Chineas Cottage on account of the shape of the roof. It was a grand old pond with its mound in

the centre and a large spreading willow tree; it was a picture and a natural mirror for the public as they passed by. The three others were the Butchers' Pond, near the Fountain, the Horse Pond at the corner of Dulwich Common and at the corner of the New College grounds, and the other was near the Park Gates and Dulwich Common, now closed in. They were all ornamental, and useful for the poor cattle in the summer, and for the old village.

BEECH HOUSE.

Beech House is a fine old country residence, standing in its own grounds at North Dulwich, facing south. It is one of the oldest houses in Dulwich, and there is a little history connected with it. In the year 1820 a celebrated old lawyer lived there named Raincock, who was a great sporting man, and used to follow the Fox or Stag Hounds, called the Surrey Hounds, every Saturday in the hunting season. They used to meet at Croydon. I have known the stag to give the hounds a run as far as Dulwich Common and into the village, and was caught there in the yard of the Old Greyhound Hotel. The stag was taken

home in the box cart, and provided sport for the following Saturday's hunt. The next time he came to Dulwich he made for the Mill Pond, and swam to the other side with the hounds after him. He then gave them a run back to Croydon. The people used to consider it fine sport.

When Miss Raincock, his only daughter, died, in the year 1837, she was the first to be interred in the Norwood Cemetery. It is a grave that can be shown to anyone who wishes to see it, and was in the year that the cemetery, which is over 40 acres of land, was opened, Mr. Raincock died, and the house was taken over by a gentleman named Jones. He was the first maker of the English lucifer match, which were made at his private home (Beech House), and sold for a long time at sixpence per box. My Father had to use the flint and steel with the tinder box, with a piece of old linen. Burnt to a tinder he would strike the steel with the flint to make sparks to catch the tinder in the box, then the sulphur match would light the candle. At that time we were living at the Old White House.

THE OLD WHITE HOUSE.

The Old White House is situated near the Village Burial Ground, my birth place, now occupied by Mr. Evans, the smith's forge. My parents lived there for some years, and kept a milk and greengrocer's business. In the olden times when they used to rob the graves of their dead bodies they were named body-snatchers, and my father living near that burial ground was often paid to watch--for two or three weeks—the graves of those who had just been interred. One night they had nearly dug down to the coffin of one body, and was surprised by the housekeeper of the Rev. Dr. Butt, who lived at the house in Court Lane. She had been to a servants' party in the village, and on returning home had evidently disturbed these body-snatchers, for when the grave-digger went to his duty the following morning he found the grave had been opened, and almost to the depth of the coffin. Those who had relatives and friends interred there were never certain if their bodies would remain in their final resting place.

Grove Cottage, now named Pickwick Villa.

In the year 1825 it was two small four-roomed cottages, with whitewash fronts, and stood back from the road. A strip of grass was in front of it, reaching from the Mill Pond to Bell House gates. A man of the name of Mason lived there with his daughter. He kept cows and sold milk, and was one of the parish overseers for Camberwell. When any poor villager wanted relief they applied to him for a ticket for bread, which they would get from one of the village bakers. He employed a man named Thomas Hunt to look after the cows and carry out the milk. When Mr. Mason died he took over the cows and business, and went to reside in Lloyd's Yard, Dulwich Village, next to the Old Forge, at that time kept by Mr. Dudman. After he gave up the busiuess he was made an old College pensioner. A short time after Miss Mason married a gentleman named Nale, who turned the two cottages into one.

After the new Act for the Old College Mr. Nale was elected one of the Governors, and at that time the old Duke of Wellington's son was chairman (then the second Duke of Wellington). The

cottage was enlarged by adding more rooms, and the strip of enclosed green was also added to, which made the front garden as it now remains, and planted it with trees. After his death it was let to a gentleman named Court, a retired pensioner from the Post Office. He was an invalid, his wife was much younger and very fond of sport. She kept two well-bred, good trotting cobs, and being a good whip she drove her own horses, her groom riding behind. She kept the cottage and garden in good style, which made it a grent attraction to the London people who passed by on their way to the Crystal Palace.

After Mr. Court's death Mrs. Court sold up and retired from Dulwich. The house was then taken by Mr. Mitchell, the builder of Dulwich. If Mr. and Mrs. Pickwick lived there it must have been before my grandfather's time, in the year 1785, which I then thought would not happen in those days of yore, when Charles Dickens was not known.

THE OLD COLLEGE OF GOD'S GIFT.

Before the corridor was added, and the new tower built, together with the block of Alms Houses for the old folks, and the alteration of the front court, the front gates were then nearer to the College. The old Tower was a square turret very ornamental to the dear old College. They were re-built in the year 1866. In front of these gates there was an enclosed shrubbery, with a footpath up the centre, and seats for the old folks and neighbours to sit under the fine old trees. There was also a footpath in front of the gates that led across from College Road to Gallery Road, with a turnstile at each end. When the boys came out of school they used to sit on the four arms of the stile and the other boys would turn them round. It was good sport.

Before the Act of Parliament in 1857 there were a Master, Warden and four Fellows, but after the Act was passed they were pensioned off. The last warden's name was R. W. Allen, and received his pension for many years, having lived to a ripe old age. He was a great sporting man. He and the head bailiff, and a steward named Partrige,

who lived in the College, kept sporting dogs, greyhounds, and other dogs for the shooting season in Dulwich woods, which covered an area of about 200 acres. There were plenty of game and rabbits, and sometimes a stray fox, which had been lost from the Surrey Fox Hounds. It was a fine old wood with many bridle paths through it from College Road to Gipsy Hill, and from Gravel Pit Hill to Cox's Walk, Lordship Lane; and it was most enjoyable with its mossy banks and wild flowers, together with the sweet notes of the wild birds. The woods were open each side of the road, and Gravel Pit Hill, which derives its name through the college carts bringing the gravel and timber out of the woods that way. The gamekeepers' and woodcutters' cottages stood where the fountain now stands at the summit of Fountain Road,—a most charming spot to live in. The name of the gamekeeper was George Ward, and that of the woodcutter Chalkright.

When the Crystal Palace was brought to and erected in this boundary, it consequently caused all the woods being cut up. Part of College Road, and Farquhar Road, Dulwich Wood Park, the Avenue, and Kingswood Road have been cut out of the centre of the wood and thus completely changed the aspect of it all. The dear old wood

and meadows, and all the footpaths across the fields, and also the wild flowers have all disappeared from our gaze but not from our thoughts, including endeared rural and rustic Old Dulwich, the charming little hamlet of Camberwell Parish of Surrey.

THE OLD MILE STONE.

There are many of the old Dulwich folks who do not know that the site of the Old College begins at the five-mile stone from the Standard, Cornhill. At the back of the stone is carved the words "Siste Viator. T. T.," or stop traveller. The initials are those of Thomas Trulove, Esq., a magistrate and the surveyor of the College roads and the neighbourhood at that time. It has been standing all the years since 1772, yet very few, if any, of the old village folks ever read the carving on the back of it. It was in front of the little green, which was called the College Green, in front of the old shrubbery before the College gates. At that time the traveller could call at the College and demand some refreshment to help him on his way. It would be a horn of beer and bread and cheese. The village green was near the old burial ground, on the former of which the lads of the village played at cricket and other youthful sports.

THE VICAR'S OLD OAK.

Two or three hundred years ago there was standing near the corner of Dulwich Wood a celebrated Tree called the Vicar's Oak, which was of immense size. It stood on the ground of the Old Parks of Mr. Shuter and Dr. Scots now part of the grounds of the Crystal Palace. The spot where the Tree stood is just inside of the South Door, where four persons can stand and shake hands together being in no less than four parishes, Camberwell, Lambeth, Streatham and Battersea. It was a noted place for the four parishes to meet when Beating the Bounds of the parishes. Dr. Scots that lived in Scots Park, now part of the Crystal Palace grounds, was a celebrated doctor for consumption at Guy's Hospital, he used to pass through Dulwich on horseback every morning to go to the Hospital.

The entrance gate to Dr. Scots' house and park was in the Penge Road. The entrance to the road was where the turnstile to the Crystal Palace grounds on Sydenham Hill is, with an avenue of eating chestnut trees. A very rustic road from Sydenham Hill to Penge Common, a very enjoyable walk on a summer's evening to listen to the

sweet notes of the nightingale and see the wild rabbits crossing your path. Alas, these bright evening rambles have passed away.

THE OLD VILLAGE WINTER SPORTS.

Some of the old shopkeepers used to keep one or two beagles, a small hound for hunting hares and rabbits. They would meet at the end of Court Lane, in front of the old burial ground. They would engage a man that was fleet on foot, and procure a dead rabbit and fasten it to a long string and drag it over the five-and-fourteen fields and on to Dulwich Common. He would start about ten or fiveteen minutes before they would put the dogs on the scent. Then the men and boys would follow, some would have a long pole to help them over the short hedge or fence. It was good and healthy sport, the first dog that arrived would have the rabbit. The sport was kept up till about the year 1845, when, having to pay the taxes for dogs, done away with all field sports in the old village.

The Commemoration of the Old College of God's Gift, Dulwich.

To commemorate that noble gift.
Dedicated to God, so kind and grand,
By that great and good Alleyn it was left,
For the poor boys and aged women and men.

It is good to remember our dear kind friend,
That lived three hundred years ago,
We ought to bow down with a graceful bend,
For that kind charity that he bestowed.

I often wonder when it will end,
After so many thousand gifts been felt.
May years pass on for God to send
Many poor creatures in poverty left.

It is only those that feel that gift,
When it relieves them from their troubles,
Of pain and sickness that is left,
When old age and infirmity stop their travels.

I wish there were more men so kind,
As dear old Edward Alleyn the actor,
To relieve the aged sick and the blind,
He was a grand and kind benefactor.

Come all ye noble dukes and lords,
Follow the footsteps of that generous man,
To relieve the poor from that you can afford,
Then you will join His happy band.

June 22nd is Founder's Day. THOMAS MORRIS.
In the year of 1616.

THE OLD VILLAGE BURIAL GROUND.

In that Old Burial Ground
Many poor villagers are at rest.
They are gone where the trumpets sound –
God knows it was for the best.

In that old ground my friends are laid,
Many, many years have passed by,
They have gone to that home to stay,
I hope to meet them by and bye.

Many old friends have I followed there,
To their last resting home,
Much to the sorrow of those left to share
The troubles and cares and weather the storms.

Now it has closed for the poor to rest,
On this earth they must be parted.
We shall all meet on that Heavenly rest
Where love and friendship never depart.

That old resting-place for our friends
Is but a patch of grass and old tombs,
Showing the sacred spot at the end,
Of the dear old villagers' last home.

August, 1907. THOMAS MORRIS.

THE OLD VILLAGE GREEN.

The Old Village Green I remember well:
Many, many years of yore,
Where the Village Fair was held,
Near the old home where I was born.

On that dear Old Village Green,
The lads of the village they played,
At that good old English game they were seen,
To watch them and some of the natives stayed.

The dear old village lads have passed away,
Interred in the Old Burial Ground,
Where they have gone for ever to stay,
Close to the old playing ground.

They all left this world, one by one,
To go to that Heavenly place to rest;
All that are left I know not one,
From the grand old village I love best.

God has given me health and strength
To see that dear Old Village Green—
Of that portion which is left,
A very little, to be seen.

While we are in this world,
Let us show kindness to all—
Be benevolent to all those that are worth—
With thy whole body and soul.

August, 1907. THOMAS MORRIS.

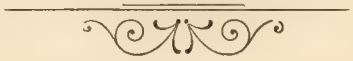
A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE OLD GIPSY HOUSE, NORWOOD.

The Old Gipsy House was situated on a Green in the valley, not far from Dulwich Wood, behind where Gipsy Hill Railway Station now stands. Close to Norwood Common, on the right side of Gipsy Hill (where Gipsy Hill Church stands) there was a large open space reaching to the other side of Central Hill, where the Gipsies pitched their tents; and on the Old Gipsy House Green the Lees, the Coopers and the Smiths encamped. There was also a noted Gipsy, named Margaret Finch, who was called the Queen of the Gipsies. She died at the ripe old age of 109 years, and after her death her niece was then named the Queen of Gipsies. She died in 1768 and was buried in the old graveyard at Dulwich Village, where also my Grandfather Dennett and my own Father were both buried.

The London folk paid their visits to the Gipsy Camp to have their fortunes told. And Lord Byron, when schooling at Dr. Glinnie's (whose house was situated in the grounds where the Grove

Hotel now stands in Lordship Lane), went to see the gipsies play at their favourite games of single stick and boxing.

Mr. Mathews, the Dulwich hermit, often used to spend his evenings at the Old Gipsy House. He was a jobbing gardener, and worked for some of the gentry in Dulwich and Norwood. His cave was situated on the top of Cox's Walk, a short distance into the wood, where Crescent Wood Road, Sydenham Hill, is now situated. Eventually he was murdered in his cave and taken to the inn called The French Horn, for the inquest. This inn stood opposite to the Old College, and when the license was given up it was shortly afterwards turned into a Village Free School for boys and girls and infants. Its situation was where the Villa now stands next to the Stationer's. My Sister, Ann Morris, was assistant teacher at the infants' school in the year 1842.



The Life of Thomas Morris.

My grandfather, Edward Morris, kept "The Sign of the Gipsies," The Gipsy House, Norwood, where my father, Edward Morris, was born. He sold the Gipsy House to a Romany Gipsy and Gentleman Gipsy, who soon lost the license by having horse racing on the Sunday. It was then sold to a private gentleman, named Whering, who turned it into a private house and park. After grandfather left the Gipsy House he went to live in his own cottage in Gipsy Road, near the Gipsy House, he followed the vocation of cattle doctor, and died about the year 1831. My father, Edward Morris, was born in the year 1785.

In the year 1787 Mr. Robert Dennett and Miss Catherine Morgan were servants at Wood Lawn,

Dulwich Village. in the Parish of Camberwell, one was gardener and the other was cook. In the year 1788 they were married at Batholomew the Great, in the City of London, and went to reside in Baxall Row, in Dulwich Village, where my mother, Catherine Dennett, was born in the year 1789.

My father, Edward Morris, and my mother, Catherine Dennett, were married at the Parish Old Church of Camberwell, Surrey in the year 1815, and went to reside in Baxall Row, Dulwich Village. After some years they went to reside at the White House, close to the Burial Ground in Dulwich, where they kept a greengrocery and milk business for many years. My father was a coal-meter for many years on the Surrey side of the Thames, Bankside Deptford and Croydon. He went up the canal in the barge from Deptford to Croydon, where the Forest Hill and Croydon Railway is now. When they did away with the coal meters he had to leave. After that and before the Thames water was laid on in Dulwich he kept a horse and a water butt, to fetch water from the well on Clapham Common to sell to his neighbours for washing and other purposes.

My grandmother Dennett died about the year 1825. After her death grandfather Dennett was elected to the Alms Houses of Dulwich College

but did not live long to enjoy the blessing. I, Thomas Morris, was born at the White House, Dulwich Village, in the year 1830. Before the death of my father, which was in the year 1851, at the age of 67 years, I assisted my parents by carrying out milk for them, and kept a donkey and carriage to take out invalids for the fresh air and sometimes in their own chair; I also played the violin at dancing parties. In the year of 1848 Mr. Barnum, the great showman, sent his agent to ask my mother if she would allow me to travel with him and General Tom Thumb, as I was very small at that time, my height being only three feet four inches and my weight two stone twelve pounds. My mother would not think of me going with him.

In 1849 (being fond of horses) I thought I would like to be an equestrian and learn horsemanship, and at that time a well-known gentleman of Westminster Bridge Road took me to see Mr. Batty, who afterwards became the proprietor of the well-known Astley's Circus, who said as I was very small I would not be strong enough to manage the horses. About the same time I thought I would like to be a watch and clock maker. My mother sent for a Mr. Monk, of Camberwell, who had a business there, and, being one of the old foundation boys, he said I might do to make and repair watches but would not do for

cleaning and winding large clocks, so I gave it up.

I won my battle after all, not with the sword but by the pencil and brush. Whilst keeping watch over my mother's cows in Croxted Lane (now Croxted Road), in the year 1852, I sketched the old cottages in the lane (the favourite cottages of David Cox, the great water-colour painter) and showed it to a gentleman who was passing and he told me to go to the School of Art, which, at that time, was held at Marlborough House (now the residence of the Prince of Wales). Some time after the school was removed to South Kensington. I was sent to the school by some kind friends, and, after a year or two, I obtained a free studentship by receiving Four Medals and the Royal National Medallion that was awarded by the Committee of Council of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, for the best shaded drawing in the national competition in the year 1861, and one for the outline, and one for the flower painting.

In the year 1860 I had the honour of an interview with Her Majesty Queen Victoria, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, His Majesty the King of the Belgiums, their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince of Prussia and Princess Royal of England, and Professor Ruskin, Sir R. Redgrave, and other eminent men.

After studying at the School of Art for some years I left to seek my own living, by giving lessons in drawing, painting in oil and water-colours, and teaching the violin, and by restoring works of art.

For some years after the death of my father, my mother received the out-pension from Dulwich College. She passed away on January the 17th, 1892, in her 103rd year. After my mother's death, in the next year, I was elected in the Alms Houses of the Old College, Dulwich Village (God's gift). After a few years my sisters and brothers passed away. One brother and sister lived to a great age; one was 87 years, my brother Robert; my sister, Catherine, was 84 years. After their death I was left to fight my own battles, with God's help I hope to succeed. I thank God for the help I have received, for His kindness and for His watchful care over me night and day. I hope to live for many years to come to enjoy those blessings.

A CURIOUS TRIAL.

In the Guildhall Library there is a copy of a very curious trial which occurred in 1779:—Humphrey Finnimore, reputed to be worth £40,000, a miser of the old approved kind, was tried on January the 14th, 1779, on the charge of stealing five turkeys, the property of Thomas Humphries, my uncle, who kept the "Sign of the Gipsies" (the Gipsy House), where my father, Edward Morris, was born. The defendant also living in a wood at Norwood, next to the Old Gipsy House. He called as witnesses to his character, Mr. Catley, who kept The Horns Tavern, West Norwood: Dr. Allen, formerly the master of Dulwich College; and Mr. Allen, the master at that time. Finnimore was convicted by the Jury, but the Magistrates disagreed with the verdict, and on a petition being presented to the King the sentence was reversed.

P.S.—My grandfather Morris, who kept the Gipsy House, supplied Mr. Mathews, the Dulwich hermit, with the beer and cakes he sold to the London folk that went to see him. He was found murdered in his cave on December 27th, 1802.

MR. THOMAS MORRIS

IS THE AUTHOR OF

"THE STEPPING STONE TO THE ART OF PAINTING,

In Oil and Water-colours,"

AND HAS

Exhibited at the Crystal Palace and other Picture Galleries,

And received a number of Testimonials and Presentations for successful Teaching and Restoring Works of Art.

For 27 years Mr. T. MORRIS was Secretary to the

ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS,

L. U. D., No. 4169,

AND THE

ANCIENT ORDER OF SHEPHERDS,

No. 4169,

For which he received a Presentation.

R. MORGAN, PRINTER, 65, WESTOW STREET, NORWOOD.

BOROUGH OF CAMBERWELL.

A CERTIFICATE OF MERIT

AWARDED TO

MR. T. MORRIS

BY THE

Mayor and Committee of the Public Libraries and Museums of this Council,

For the Gift of a Number of Paintings in Water and Oil Colours,

VIEWS OF OLD DULWICH, AND A FEW OF KENT AND SURREY.

In the Central Library.

Signed,

GOUDARD CLARK, *Mayor*.
GEORGE BIDGOOD, *Chairman of Committee*.
CHARLES MAINSTAFF, *Clerk of Committee*.

The Angel of Music.

Dedicated to Miss Wallace

When first i heard that darling girl,
it filled my heart with great delight.
he notes from the strings, of the violin
with her bright eyes like the stars of night.
Her bowing, was charming and sweet
made my heart beat, as it never did before.
thought. she was an Angel, her notes was neat,
aping to hear her sweet musicance more,
he his the pride of the musical art
with her lovely eyes and smiling cheeks.
nd from her sweet touch i cannot part,
for she his so wild and meek,
hope to hear those quavering notes again,
when played with that tenderly touch
which makes me wish to do the same
nd to press those hands with a friendly grip

notes are like the rising Lark,
rise with those heavenly notes.
he his a bright and Lovely spark
When she plays those soft and sweet notes,
h. music you are a charming delight,
When played with that delightful touch,
f the tuneful harmony is right
f. it's cheerfulness it cannot say to much,

Aug. 16. 1911

Thomas morris
14 the Col College
Dulwich